



Richard Nash Esq.^r



Richard Nash Esq.

T H E
J E S T S
O F
B E A U N A S H,
L A T E
M A S T E R of the C E R E M O N I E S at
B A T H.

Consisting of
A Variety of Humorous Sallies of Wit,
SMART REPORTEES, and BONs MOTs ;

W H I C H
Passed between HIM and PERSONAGES of the
First Distinction, and the most celebrated
for TRUE WIT and HUMOUR.

Dedicated to the Right Honourable the
E A R L of C H E S T E R F I E L D.

Dulce est desipere in Loco.

HOR.

L O N D O N :
Printed for W. BRISTOW, in St. Paul's Church-
yard ; and sold by the Booksellers at Bath.

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HALL of CHESTERFIELD

By the Author.

L O N D O N :
Printed for W. BENTLEY, in St. Paul's Church-
yard; and sold by the Booksellers in Bank.
M DCC LXXXI.
[Price One Shilling.]

TO THE
 RIGHT HONOURABLE
 The Earl of *Chesterfield*.

MY LORD,

I Should not have presumed to dedicate this Pamphlet to your Lordship; but that, after casting my Eyes round *Europe*, I could find no Personage to whom it could be addressed with so much Propriety; and I know your Lordship has too much Regard for Propriety to be ever displeased with it.

THIS Dedication is not a sudden Thought, my Lord, not the Effect of that Levity of Mind which Wits give into, but the Consequence of mature and serious Debate and Deliberation ; and an Action for which I have the Sanction of Sir *Richard*, who is now sitting at my Elbow. — At first, indeed, he started at the Proposal, and thought it beneath your Lordship's Dignity to patronize a Pamphlet ; but when I told him, that the most witty Performance in the World could, with Propriety, be address'd only to the greatest Wit of the Age, he was satisfied.

BUT without pleading the Opinion of Sir *Richard*, or any other Person whatever, there is another Reason why these Sheets should be address'd to your Lordship, and why you ought to receive them. You, my Lord, was ever the Patron and Friend of Mr. *Nash*, whose lively Sallies of Imagination are here offer'd to public Inspection. You have often been diverted by his Wit ;
and

and have often excited that Wit in him, which, like a Diamond in the Mine, might have lain hid in Obscurity, had not the Sun of your Genius, by enlightening the Object, called forth its Lustre. — *Nasb* therefore, though brilliant, was only the secondary Planet in the Sphere; and whatever you think of *his* Wit, you ought at least to approve of your own.

THIS is *School* Reasoning, my Lord, but this is not *Life*; and I find, on Reflection, that I have written myself into a Dilemma; for modest Merit ever looks with a diffident and disrespectful Eye on its own Performances, however excellent; and the most disagreeable Compliment I could make your Lordship, would be to recommend to you your own Works. On this Occasion, my Lord, I behave as Nature bids me, and as every Man does, whose Heart is big with Esteem and Gratitude; I blush, and thank you imperfectly, though sincerely, for the

Favours you have conferred on me,
and am,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most obliged,

and most obedient humble Servant,

The EDITOR.

PRE-



*The Copy of a LETTER which was sent to
the PUBLISHER with these Jest.*

S I R,

TH E great Pleasure I received in reading the well-written and entertaining Life of Mr. *Nash*, induces me to send you a Collection of Repartees and witty Sayings, which passed between him and his Friends, and which I treasured up from their Conversation; not with a Design to print them, nor would they ever have appeared, thus publicly, but to gratify the Curiosity of some of my Friends, who are also of Opinion, that the Present will be grateful to the Public. — Some of these Jest have, indeed, been often repeated in Company, and a few of them found their Way into some Novels; but none, that I know of, have ever been inserted in the Books of Jest.

I had ever a great Esteem for Mr. *Nash*. He had more Wit than the World would allow him, and more Merit than we generally
meet

To the PUBLISHER.

meet with in Mankind : It is partly on this Account that I would have every Thing preserved that may reflect Honour on his Memory ; and if you are acquainted with the ingenious Writer of his Life, I beg you will inform him, that honourable Mention is made of Mr. Nash in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, concerning some Medals which he presented to that University.

I am, SIR, your's, &c.

TO
I had ever a great Esteem for Mr. Nash
and more W^r than the World would at-
low him, and more Merit than we generally
1702

P R E F A C E.

IT was the usual Practice of a Gentleman of great Genius and Learning, and who is now justly esteemed both in the literary and polite World, to provide himself with all the Books of Jest and Merriment, that made their Appearance, which he threw promiscuously into a large Bag in one Corner of his Library to obviate Melancholy, or relax his severer Studies.

Whenever he was tired with Reading, or a dull Fit took him, he immediately went to his Bag, and dipping in his Hand, laid hold of that Companion which Chance threw in his Way. By this Means he could enter
into

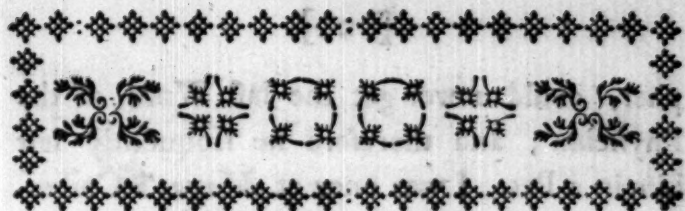
into Company without quitting his Room, and have the Pleasures of Conversation, without being insulted with Rudeness, or surfeited with Ceremony; besides which, these Companions never distressed him with their Impertinence, or kept him up beyond his usual Hour; to which it may be added, and I hope without Offence, that these Sort of Guests were not only the most easy, but the least expensive of any he ever had; for though there were forty at his Table at a Time, he never found any Diminution of his Wine or Tabacco; a Circumstance very grateful to any Man, who is determined to be a good Oeconomist.

The great Benefit he received from these Companions, and the little Trouble they gave him, made him desirous to increase their Number; for which Purpose he wrote Mr. Nash a Poem ninety Feet long, requesting the Publication of his Jest. This naturally gave Offence to a Man of his extreme Modesty; however, Good-nature soon

soon got the better of Resentment, and he
 promised to gratify the Gentleman's Curio-
 sity, and for that Purpose had strung
 together a Number of excellent Jest, which
 have very fortunately fallen into our Hands.
 This is all the Apology that seems necessary
 for the present Publication, and with this
 we put a Period to our Preface.

ERRATA.

AS the Editor of this Pamphlet was at a great Distance from the Press, and unable to correct the Sheets himself, some Errors have imper- tinently crept in, which the Reader is desired to correct and discharge. Page 2. line 2. for *frequently*, read *often*. p. 2. l. 21. for *Mr.* read *Dr.* p. 3. l. 5. for *Mr.* r. *Dr.* p. 4. l. 14. dele *most of*. p. 6. l. 16. after *long*, r. *be*. Ibid. l. 24. dele *that*. p. 7. l. 7. for *would then*, r. *will*. p. 9. l. 11. for *Gentleman*, r. *Nobleman*. p. 13. l. 22. for *how may that be I don't know*, r. *how that may be I know not*. p. 18. l. 18. dele *middle of the* p. 19. l. 2. dele *next*. p. 21. l. 10. after *mortgage*, r. *who*. p. 22. l. 17. for *and be having*, r. *who had*. p. 26. l. 6. for *called*, r. *and calling*. Ibid. l. 17. after *advise*, r. *you*. p. 28. l. 16. after *think*, dele *that*. Ibid. l. 22. after *telling*, r. *a Story of*. p. 35. l. 7. after *and*, r. *as*, and dele the next full Point that follows it. p. 36. l. 14. for *when*, r. *where*. p. 49. l. 2. for *would*, r. *may*. Ibid. l. 7. for *his*, r. *her*. p. 72. l. 1. for *know*, r. *knew*. p. 74. l. 6. for *which*, r. *them*. p. 77. l. 8. after *one*, r. *but*.



A
COLLECTION

OF
Original BONS MOTS,
SMART REPORTEES, &c.

IT is well known, that Mr. *Nash* and
I Dr. *Cheney* had frequent Disputes
about the Non-naturals and a ve-
getable Diet ; in short, they often
reasoned about Health till they made all the
Company sick. *Nash* was for curing all Com-
plaints with the *Bath* Water, and *Cheney* for
healing all Diseases with Cabbage and Carrots ;
and their Disputes, which sometimes began
with Temper and Joke, were frequently
heightened to Clamour and Quarrelling ; so
that the Breeze of the Mind was succeeded by
a Hurricane. *Nash*, though a great Philoso-

B

phers

pher, could never get the last Word of the Physician ; and therefore he frequently left him in a Pet. I was once at *Morgan's* Coffee-house, when the Doctor so harangued upon his vegetable Diet, that *Nash* could not bear it ; but going up to the Table where *Cheney* was, accosted him in this rude Manner, *You old Fool*, says he, *do you think the Almighty sent Nebuchadnezzar to Grass for his Health ?* and then taking his Hat, left the Room : However, Matters did not always end so abruptly ; for I have known *Nash* in his cooler Moments do *Cheney* the Honour to say, *That he was the most sensible Fool he ever knew in his Life ;* and the Doctor with equal Justice observed, *That Nash was less of a Blockhead than he used to be.*

I TAKE this Opportunity to observe, that *Cheney* was far from wanting Wit ; I have known him sometimes say very smart Things, and with much Drollery. Both *Dr. Cheney* and *Mr. Tadlow* were exceedingly corpulent ; but the last was by much the largest. *Cheney* coming into the Coffee-house one Morning, and observing *Tadlow* alone and pensive, asked him what had occasioned his Melancholy ? *Cheney*, says he, I have a very serious Thought come athwart me, I am considering how the
People

People will be able to get you and I to the Grave when we die. *Why*, says *Cheney*, *six or eight stout Fellows may take me there at once ; but it is certain that you must be carried at twice.*

It was upon the above Mr. *Tadlow*, that the following witty Epigram was written :

When *Tadlow* walks the Streets, the Pavours cry,
God bless you, Sir !--and lay their *Rammers* by.

A warm Dispute arose between some Parish Officers at a Meeting where Mr. *Nash* was present, about repairing the Workhouse ; when a Man, who was born in it, but had acquired a good Fortune in the World, and had forgot himself, strenuously opposed the laying out any Money on that Account, saying, it was habitable, and that was sufficient. *Don't be positive, my Friend*, says *Nash*, *the Building is strangely run to Ruin since your Mother lay-in there.*

WHEN Drams were more in Vogue than they are at present, a Gentleman called for a Glas of Brandy at the *Smyrna*, because, he said, he was very hot. Bring me one, Waiter, says another, for I am very cold. *It is a strange Thing*, says *Nash*, *that People can't find an Ex-*

use for their Follies, without insulting the good Sense of the Company. Here, bring me a Dram, Boy, for I like it.

A droll Quaker, who was in Years, being in the Coffee-house when the Bells rang, asked who was come to Town? A Man at one of the Tables said it was the Devil; then says the Quaker he may kiss my Backside. *Friend*, says *Nash*, *you seem to be a sensible Man; but I don't think it is altogether so prudent in you to make enemies at your Time of Life.*

When *Nash* was at the Temple, he was always very fine, and for the most part very poor; which was sufficiently known to most of his Acquaintance. One Night, at the Tavern, *Nash* desired one of his Companions to pay for him, for that he had no Silver in his Pocket. *Then, I am sure, Nash*, said the Gentleman, *you have no gold there, for that you always spread upon your Coat.*

A Captain of a Man of War had got a Circle round him in one of the Rooms at Bath, whom he was entertaining with some wonderful Phænomenon which he had seen at Sea; when looking round, and perceiving *Nash* laugh, he grew angry, and said he did not believe

believe him. *Why, Sir, says Nash, did you see it? Yes, I did, answered the Gentleman. Well, if you saw it, says Nash, I will believe it; but I would not if I had seen it myself.*

THIS Gentleman, however, soon after returned the Compliment; for *Nash* was one of those who shot with a long Bow, or, in other Words, paid but little Regard to Truth, in his Sallies of Wit and Humour; and having told a most confounded large Story, the Captain gave a *Hem*: Upon which *Nash* made up to him; *And so, Captain, says he, you won't believe this? — Why, yes, says the Captain, I will, Nash, to oblige you; but I would not believe such another damn'd Lie for any Man upon the Face of the Earth.*

A KNIGHT of the Four Knaves, or, in other Words, a Gamester, who frequented *Bath* and *Tunbridge*, had grown, as it were, by his Behaviour into Disuse, and could get no Man of Character to play with him; upon which he complained to *Nash*, and said, he thought their Dislike to his Person arose from his not being sufficiently dressed, adding, that he would immediately go and buy a new Suit of Cloaths. *That you may do, says Nash, but you had beter buy a new Set of Principles.*

MR. *Nash*, on a Journey, dining at an Inn, the Landlord charged him four Shillings for a Fowl ; upon which he sent for the Host, and asked him what he meant by imposing on him in that manner ; when the Landlord, who was a surly Purse-proud Fellow, told him, That if he had looked any thing like a Gentleman, he would have charged him a Crown for the Fowl : Upon which *Nash* replied, *Well, well, if that is the Case, I wish, Landlord, you had treated me something less like a Gentleman.*

MR. *Nash* calling one Day on a Surgeon of his Acquaintance, who was a Gentleman of considerable Practice, found him in Bed, tho' it was then Noon ; when rallying him some Time for indulging so long, asked him, Whether he always lay so late, or what Time he usually arose ? The Surgeon answered, That he had no certain Time of rising, but got up just as Business required him ; I am call'd up, added he, at all Hours, sometimes to set a broken Leg, Arm, or the like, therefore it is very uncertain. *So I find then,* replied *Nash*, *that it is merely by Accident that you get up at all.*

A GAY extravagant young Gentleman was railing against his Father in the Presence of Mr. *Nash*, on Account of his keeping too tight

tight a Hand over him (as he expressed it :) Upon which *Nash* told him, That the only Way to rid himself of the Restraint, was to prevail with his Father to make him his Coachman. What do you mean by that ? replied the young Spark : *Because* then, says *Nash*, *you would then have the Whip-hand of the old Gentleman.*

A FRIEND of Mr. *Nash's*, who had entered his Son at the *Temple* to study the Law, in order to fit him for the Bar, was complaining to Mr. *Nash* one Day of his Son's Inattention to his Studies, and of his Irregularities, saying, That instead of minding his Business, he was continually dancing to *Ranelagh*, and other Places of Diversion. *It appears then, (says Nash,) that your Son minds no Law but Rane-law.*

MR. *Nash* being one Day at a public Entertainment, where a Gentleman was present, who sat several Hours without speaking a Syllable ; and, as from the Character of the Person, there was great Reason to suspect that his Silence was owing to a supercilious Contempt of the Company, *Nash* determined to shew his Repentment the first Opportunity that offered. Accordingly, when Supper was brought in,
Mr.

Mr. *Nash* was remarkably assiduous in helping the Gentleman to the best upon the Table, and taking Care to supply his Plate when he saw it near empty. Upon this one of the Company desired to know his Reason for this extraordinary Attention to the silent Person. To which *Nash* replied, *I assure you it is from the Tendernefs of my Disposition, for I cannot bear to see dumb Creatures want.* This smart Hit occasioned an universal Laugh, and put the Gentleman into some Confusion; however, he carried it off very well, and was good Company the rest of the Night.

A NOBLEMAN, remarkable for his Good-nature and Affability, ordering his Servant pretty late at Night to go with a Message a considerable Distance from the Place where he was then in Company; the Fellow did not receive his Master's Commands with that Cheerfulness he ought. The Nobleman, after the Man had left the Room, asked Mr. *Nash*, Whether he did not think his Footman seemed somewhat sulky at receiving his Orders, and what could be the Meaning of it? *My Lord,* says *Nash*, *you are a good Master to your Servants, and as no Body can do too much for a good Master, your Man, I suppose, is determined he never will*

MR.

MR. *Nash* soliciting a Nobleman for a Subscription to a public Charity, his Lordship being somewhat out of Temper, put him off, telling him he would consider of it ; but *Nash* begged his Lordship would give him a positive Answer then, yes, or no. To which the Nobleman replied, No, I tell you, No: — I thank your Lordship, says *Nash*, taking out his List, how much shall I set you down? What do you mean by thanking me, returned the Gentleman, when I gave you a Negative. *Hold, my Lord, returned Nash, you said No twice, and I need not inform your Lordship, That two Negatives make an Affirmative.* Which Repartee so pleased the Nobleman, that he gave him a handsome Subscription.

ANOTHER Time, Mr. *Nash*, soliciting Subscriptions among the Gentlemen at *Morgan's* Coffee-house at *Bath*, met with very good Success from all but one Gentleman, who absolutely refused to give any Thing. However, just as the Gentleman was going out of the Coffee-room, Mr. *Nash* called out to him in a loud Voice, *I wish you safe Home, Sir ; but remember, if you should chance to lose any thing by the Way, you did not draw your Purse-strings here ;* which occasioning a Laugh, put the Gentle-

Gentleman to the Blush: However, he turned back with a jocular Air, and damning *Nash* for the boldest Beggar he ever met with in his Life, gave him five Guineas.

MR. *Nash* seemed to have a particular Antipathy against the Generality of Country Squires, from some of whom he had received Affronts (as mentioned in his Life) he therefore took all Opportunities of ridiculing them, and always rejoiced when he could hear any odd Stories concerning their Behaviour, that he might gratify his Spleen by retailing them again; which he never failed to do very frequently. Among the rest he used to relate the following:

A YOUNG Widow of Wit, Beauty, and Fortune, was courted by a Country Gentleman, who, according to the vulgar Notion, thought that those Freedoms which would disgust a Virgin, were absolutely necessary to be used in courting a Widow; and therefore at the first Visit behaved very indelicately, both in Speech and Actions; on which the Lady angrily asked him the Meaning of such rude Behaviour? he replied, You must excuse me, Widow, it is Spring Time, and the Sap will rise.

nise. *Truly then,* says the Lady, *I will rise too, for you are too sappy for me;* and so getting up, walked off and left him.

ANOTHER going one Day to visit a young Lady to whom he paid his Addresles, he happened to have a little Greyhound Bitch with him; which being a handsome Creature of the Kind, the Lady admired it, saying, Dear me, what a pretty Dog this is. *You are mistaken,* answered the Bumpkin, *it is not a Dog, but one of your own Sex, Madam.*

MR. Nash used frequently to exercise his Wit upon the little Foibles of the Ladies; of one of whom he told the following Story. A Lady who affected to be a great Scholar, being at an Auction of Books, a *Latin* Edition of *Horace's* Works were put up, and the Auctioneer read the *Latin* Title *Horatii Opera;* Pray, says the Lady to Mr. Nash, who stood by her, whose *Operas* did the Man say? *Horace's,* Madam, replied Nash, he was an *Italian.* *Well then,* says the Lady, *I'll bid for Horace's Operas; for I love Italian Operas of all Things.* She accordingly bid for the Book, and it was knocked down to her.

NASH

NASH one Day meeting old *Leveridge*, asked him how he did? *Leveridge* replied, If I answer you in *Latin*, I am *sic, sic*; if in *English*, *so, so*. Well done, my old Friend, says *Nash*, I think that's a good *so, so*, Sort of a Pun.

NASH and a Friend of his being about to go a Journey on a Party of Pleasure, the Gentleman proposed going in a Post-Chaise; but *Nash* was for riding on Horseback. On this the former declared very seriously, That if he had his Choice, whether to go forty Miles on Horseback, or to be set in the Stocks in the most public Place in *Bath*, he would rather chuse to be set in the Stocks. Why so? enquired *Nash*; Because, says the Gentleman, I should be so terribly gall'd. To which *Nash* replied, *Faith, it would gall me much more to be set in the Stocks, I can tell you.*

A GENTLEMAN, the first Time of his coming to *Bath*, was very extravagantly charged for every Thing by the Persons in whose House he lodged, as well as by others whom he had occasion to deal with; of which, some Time after complaining to Mr. *Nash*; Sir, replied the latter, *They have acted towards you on truly Christian Principles.* How so, says the Gentle-

man. *Why, returned Nash, you was a Stranger, and they took you in.*

MR. *Nash* being in a Company, among whom there was a Gentleman who was remarkable for a Kind of rude satyrical Wit, and who having levelled his Jeers at almost all present, chiefly by mimicking their Voices, Gestures, or *taking them off*, as it is commonly called; Mr. *Nash*, expecting it would presently come to his Turn, got up, and was going away. When being asked the Reason of his leaving the Company so soon, he replied, *In order to save the Gentleman the Trouble of taking me off, I think it is best to take myself off*; and so departed.

Another Time the Conversation of the Company (it being at the Period of a threatened Invasion from the *French*) turned on the different Customs of *England* and *France*; and among other Things, one of the Gentlemen observed, that tho' he had been a long Time in *France*, he never saw any of the *Frenchmen* Smoke. To which *Nash* replied, *How may that be, I don't know; but if they come here, we will make them Smoke, I warrant you.*

C

A Gen-

A Gentleman then present, took the Hint from the above Pun, and wrote the following Epigram, which was afterwards published in some of the Magazines.

COURTLY, in Company the other Day,
Cry'd, Curse your Smoking, 'tis an odious
Way ;
Fie, Gentlemen, in *France* they never Smoke.
Old BLUNT replied, who dearly loves a Joke,
What's done in *France*, young Fop, we little
care,
But, Faith, we'll make 'em *Smoke*, if they
come here.

MR. *Nash* used to tell the following, as a remarkable Piece of impudent Wit :

A Person who was indebted to Mr. *Nash* in a Sum of Money, being dunned by him for it one Day, as he had often been before, said to him in a very insolent Manner, *I think, Nash you are a very impertinent Fellow, to trouble your Head about my Debts ; it would become you much better to take Care to pay your own than teize me in this Manner about mine.*

A Noble-

A Nobleman, who was greatly conceited of his Abilities as a Writer, called on Mr. *Nash* with a Manuscript Poem he had written, in order to read it to him; and introduced the Business thus: "You know, Mr. *Nash*, when the famous *Moliere* had wrote any dramatic Piece, before he exhibited it, he always read it to an old Woman whom he employed to light his Fire, make his Bed, and the like; and he observed, that those Passages which excited the Laughter of the old Woman had the same Effect on the Audience at the Representation: Therefore I came to read my Poem to you, not doubting, but those Parts which gain your Approbation, will also that of my Readers in general." To this Harangue, Mr. *Nash* smartly replied, *I thank you, my Lord, for your Compliment; but till your Lordship is a Moliere, you must excuse me from being your old Woman.*

Mr. *Nash* once complimenting a Lady, told her, among other Things, that he should like to pass his Days with her. To which the Lady replied, *You are an agreeable Companion, Mr. Nash, and I might perhaps like to pass my Days with you, but for my Nights, I would rather beg to be excused.*

MR. *Nash* met a young Gentleman of his Acquaintance early one Morning very much in Liquor; and enquiring where he had been, the Gentleman replied, That he had been all Night at a Concert of Music. *Very likely*, answered *Nash*, *for I perceive you have drank to some Tune.*

AT an Entertainment given by the Heads of a Parish, where Mr. *Nash* was invited, the Company, when the Glafs had gone round a little, began to sing and be merry; when the Clerk of the Parish, who sung very agreeably, was so conscious of his Merit, that he began to grow very troublesome, and would not suffer any Gentleman to sing, except such Songs as he thought proper to call for. *Hey day, Mr. Amen*, says *Nash*, *this is making too free, methinks; for though you make the Company sing what you please on Sundays, I can see no Reason you should oblige them to do so every Day in the Week.*

AN elderly Gentleman, who, from an affluent Fortune, was reduced to a very slender Income, was at *Bath* one Season for his Health; where, on Account of his extraordinary Gravity and serious Behaviour, some of the gay Gentry

Gentry gave him the Nick-name of the *Parson* ; and it became so general, that he went by no other Name. One Day Mr. *Nash* thinking to be a little merry with him, says to him, *Parson, do you ever preach for Money? No,* returned the Gentleman, *but I often pray for it.*

MR. *Nash* going late to *Drury-Lane* Playhouse, at a Time when there happened to be a very full House, was obliged to stand in the Pit, there being no Room to sit down ; and here he was greatly crowded, particularly by a Man who stood behind him ; when *Nash* growing angry, swore at the Man, and asked what made him shove so hard upon him ? The Man laughingly said to him, the people behind press so violently upon me, that I cannot help pressing upon you. *D—n you,* says *Nash,* *I wish you had been press'd into his Majesty's Service before you came here.*

MR. *Nash* once going to see an intimate Acquaintance, who was not a man of very bright Parts, found him sitting with his Leg swathed, and resting it upon a Cushion placed on a Stool before him ; and upon enquiring what was the matter with him, the Gentleman said he had a Humour in his Leg ; when *Nash* told him he

was glad to hear it ; *for he never knew before, that he had any Humour about him.*

A Gentleman of the County of *Connaught* in *Ireland*, being at *Bath* for the Recovery of his Health, Mr. *Nash* contracted an Intimacy with him, and they used frequently to visit each other *sans Ceremonie*. One Winter's Morning, Mr. *Nash* went into the Gentleman's Chamber before he was up, when finding the Window-shutters open, and Bed-curtains not drawn ; " I think, Sir, says *Nash*, you lie very airy with your Shutters and Curtains open, one would think it was Summer by you." To which the Gentleman (who was very apt to make little Blunders) replied, *Indeed, Mr. Nash, It is not for the Sake of the Air that I leave them open, but only I like to see Day-light when I chance to wake in the Middle of the Night.*

THE same Gentleman intending to set out for *London*, called on Mr. *Nash* on the *Friday* to take his Leave of him, telling him he should set out on *Monday* following. While they were discoursing about different Matters, the Gentleman began to take Notice of the Fineness of the Weather, saying, at the same Time, *I think*

think this is a very fine Day, Mr. Nash, for me to go to London on Monday next.

MR. Nash used to tell the following Story with great Pleasure : — A certain Member of a former Parliament having heard many Speeches in the House, to the great Applause of the Speakers, grew ambitious of rising to rival Glory by his Oratory ; and accordingly watched for a favourable Opportunity to open. At length an Occasion presented itself : It was on a Motion being made in the House for enforcing the Execution of some Statute ; on which public spirited Motion, the Orator in Embrio rose solemnly up, and after giving three loud Hems, spoke as follows :

“ MR. Speaker — Have we *Laws*, or have we not *Laws* ? — If we have *Laws*, and they are not observed, to what End were those *Laws* made ? ” — So saying, he sat himself down, his Chest heaving high with conscious Consequence ; when another Member rose up, and delivered his Thoughts in these Words :

“ MR. Speaker — did the honourable Gentleman who spoke last, speak to the *Purpose*, or not speak to the *Purpose* ? If he did not speak to the *Purpose*, to what *Purpose* did he speak ? ”

“speak?”—Which apropos Reply set the House into such a Fit of Laughter, as discouraged the young Orator from ever attempting to speak again.

A testy conceited old Gentleman always sat in one certain Seat at the Coffee-house he constantly used ; but coming in one Day, Mr. *Nash*, who had accidentally come to Town on Business, being there before him, occupied his Place ; which the Gentleman seeing, he spoke to him in a very abrupt Manner to quit the Place : But *Nash* being angry at the other's Incivility, refused to cede it to him. Upon which the Gentleman says to *Nash*, I tell you once more in the Imperative Mood, you must get out of that Place. To which *Nash* replied, *I don't know what Mood you may speak in, but I can tell you I'm not in the stirring Mood ; and therefore you must seat yourself elsewhere.*

A Methodist once boasting to Mr. *Nash*, who was a staunch Friend of the Church, that the Clergy of their Sect always preached *extempore*, which the established Clergy were in general too indolent, or had not Capacity to do. Mr. *Nash* answered, That it was no difficult Matter for the Methodists to preach *extempore*,

tempore, as they had a certain String of Words and Expressions that they constantly used on every Subject. To which the Methodist angrily replied, It is such a String as must draw you to Heaven, if ever you intend to go there. — *I thank you, says Nash, but I don't chuse to go to Heaven in a String.*

MR. *Nash* used to tell of an eminent Counsellor at Law being retained in an Affair of a Mortgage, did his utmost in Behalf of his Client, and supported his Cause with great Eloquence. But a remarkable Circumstance appearing in the Course of the Evidence, which proved his Client to be a very bad Man, the Judge could not help saying to the Counsellor, Well, Sir, what think you of your Client now? To which the Counsellor replied; *Why, to tell you the Truth, my Lord, I find it is not my Client's Interest to pay the Principal, and I am afraid he has not Principle to pay the Interest.*

A poor Clergyman applied to Mr. *Nash* to use his Interest with a certain Nobleman in his Behalf, who had a Living in his Gift at that Time vacant; and to induce Mr. *Nash* to undertake this kind Office, told him he had a
 wife

wife and seven Children. "I'll tell you what, Sir, says *Nash*, I believe you to be a very worthy and ingenious Man, but in this Affair you have acted very imprudently; for you have begun at the wrong End." The Clergyman begged he would be so kind as to explain himself, for he really did not understand him. *Why*, says *Nash*, *you should have got the Living first, and the Children afterwards.*" "Very true, (replied the Parson with a Smile) but I doubt not but you might bring this Business to a right End, if you would be so good as to apply to the Nobleman." Which Mr. *Nash* did, and succeeded in his Application.

MR. *Nash* having lent his Roccelo to an old Acquaintance, one Night when he came to visit him; and he having neglected to return it, Mr. *Nash* met him in the Street on a cold damp Day with his Roccelo on, while he himself was without; upon which *Nash*, in an upbraiding Strain, said to him, "Truly you are a very pretty Fellow, what must I do such a Day as this without my Roccelo?" The Gentleman, who was a very jocular Man, answered, *Why, you must even borrow as I did*, *Nash*; and went laughing away. *Nash* was not very well pleased with this Joke; however, he took no farther

ther Notice at that Time, but determined to seize the first Opportunity of returning it. Accordingly, about a Week or ten Days after, *Nash* being engaged at Cards, and Luck running against him, he pretended to be out of Cash, and desired the above Gentleman, who was one of the Company, to lend him twenty Guineas ; which he readily did. Some Time after he called on Mr. *Nash* for the Money, who told him he could not pay it ; upon which the Gentleman began to grow serious, and told *Nash*, that he had promised the Payment of a considerable Sum that Day ; and added, “ if I cannot get it where it is due, what must I do ? ” To which *Nash* replied, *Why, you must even borrow as I did*, and turned away ; which Expression put the Gentleman in Mind of the Rocco-lo Affair, and laughing heartily, he answered, *Upon my Honour, Nash, you have paid me in my own Coin, and I cannot have the Face to insst on any farther Satisfaction till I send the Rocco-lo Home, at least ; which I had quite forgot.* However, as Mr. *Nash* had now turned the Tables on his old Friend, he wanted no more, and paid him the Money immediately.

MR.

MR. *Nash* used frequently to relate, with great Glee, the following Story of an ignorant Fellow, who passed among his Acquaintance for a Scholar: He said, as he was crossing *Covent-Garden*, two Men were walking before him in loud and earnest Discourse; one of whom paid great Compliments to the other on his Learning and Parts, wishing he was as fine a Scholar, and the like; when happening to cast his Eye on the Motto, which was then on the Dial of the Church of *St. Paul's Covent-Garden*, he asked his learned Friend the *English* of that *Latin* Motto: The Words were, *Sic transit Gloria Mundi*. The pretended Scholar not having this Sentence by Rote, as he had many others, was quite at a Loss what *English* to give it; therefore concealed his Ignorance, by declaring it was not *Latin*. “No,” says the other, what Language is it then?” “Why you Blockhead, (answers the Man of Erudition) what you take for a *Latin* Motto is no other than the Names of the Churchwardens at the Time of putting up the Dial. “They are very odd Names” (replies the Enquirer) “Aye, (says the first) they were Foreigners, you may be sure; why *England* was always over-run with Foreigners, and is to this Day.”

MR.

Tho' the above Story has lately got into some of the Papers, yet it is nevertheless entitled to a Place here, as being originally told by Mr. *Nash*.

MR. *Nash* having supped at a Friend's House in the City of *London*, and stayed late, called a hackney Coach at *Temple-Bar*, and bid the Man drive to *Berkeley Square*, where he then lodged; the Coachman, vexed at so long a Fare so late at Night, grumbled very much; and as he was mounting the Box, swore that he should be glad to drive him to Hell. When they arrived at the House, *Nash* called the Fellow into the Parlour, and told him of the wicked Expression he had heard from his Mouth; and asked him, what he meant by it? The Fellow replied, he was somewhat provoked at being to go so far at that Time of Night, and craved his Pardon; "But, says *Nash*, do you consider you silly Rascal, that if it were possible for you to drive me into Hell, you must go in first yourself." "No, no, Master, answered the Coachman, I could have provided against that well enough." "How can that be," says *Nash*. "There is no Occasion for any more Words, please your Honour, replied the Fellow, it is all over now." Mr. *Nash*, however,

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strenuously

strenuously insisted on knowing what he meant, by saying he had provided against going into Hell first. When the Coachman replied, why, to tell you the Truth, *I should have backed your Honour in.* Nash could not forbear laughing heartily at this *Salvo*, called the Fellow an arch Dog, and gave him a Shilling to drink his Health.

MR. Nash was once reprimanding a young Gentleman, on Account of his Extravagancies and Debaucheries, so severely, that he seemed to be sensible of his Follies, and promised Mr. Nash to amend for the Future, and would *lay down a Resolution for that Purpose.* To which Mr. Nash replied, *If I mistake not, you have laid down your Resolution long ago; I would therefore advise to take up a Resolution to amend.*

A Chimney-sweeper's Boy had just swept the Chimney at a Barber's Shop in London, where Mr. Nash happened to go to be shaved, on his coming to Town; and while the Boy was tying up his Soot, some of the Journeymen, who were at Work in the Shop, being inclined to exercise their Wit on the poor Lad, among other Questions asked him, what Trade his Father was? To which the Boy very archly replied.

What

What Trade? why; my Father was a Barber, and I might have been a Barber too; but to tell you the Truth, I did not like such a blackguard Business. Which shrewd Repartee so struck Mr. Nash, that he put his Hand in his Pocket and gave him half a Crown.

MR. Nash being once engaged at a Party of Cards at a Tavern; after playing a considerable Time, the Company in general were for giving over; when one of them proposed playing for four Bottles of Wine for the Good of the House. For the Good of what? says Nash, For the Good of the House, replied the Man. *I'll tell you what, says Nash, you may do as you please, Gentlemen, but for the Good of my House, I'll go home.*

MR. Nash has often declared that few Things tickled his Fancy so much as the following, of which he was an Ear-witness. A humorous Fellow, a Carpenter, being subpoena'd as a Witness on a Trial for an Assault; one of the Counsel, who was very much given to brow-beat the Evidence, asked him what Distance he was from the Parties when he saw the Defendant strike the Plaintiff? The Carpenter answered, "Just four Feet five Inches and a

half." "Prithee, Fellow, says the Counsel, how is it possible you can be so very exact as to the Distance?" *Why to tell you the Truth,* says the Carpenter, *I thought perhaps that some Fool or other might ask me, and so I measured it.*

A Reply of a Kind somewhat similar to this, was given to Sir *John Strange*, (whose father was a Shoemaker) who was not remarkable for treating the Witnesses with too great Civility. In a Trial between the Company of Cordwainers, Plaintiffs, against a Person for exercising the Trade of a Shoemaker, not having served his Time thereto; a Witness, on behalf of the Company was thus interrogated by Sir *John*. "Here, you Fellow, tell me, don't you think, that as the Defendant has carried on the Business several Years, that he understands taking Measure and making Shoes as well as you who served your Time to it." *No, replied the Fellow, nor you neither, for all your Father was a Shoemaker.*

MR. Nash used to please himself with telling a whimsical sort of a Gentleman, whose Name was *So*, who left twenty Guineas by Will to be given to the Parson of the Parish, to make his Epitaph in Verse, enjoining that his Name should

should be mentioned as often as possible in it. On the Death of the Gentleman, the Clergyman was applied to, and informed of the above Clause in his Will. Accordingly he began the Epitaph as follows.

So did he live, *So* did he die.

Here he stopped, and was at a Loss how to proceed, when meeting accidentally with an Acquaintance, who was a Man of a remarkably witty Turn, he told him the Affair, how he was perplexed to finish it, and expressed his Fears lest he should lose that Legacy. When his Friend desiring him to write down the above Line, he immediately added another, and it stood thus :

So did he live, *So* did he die.

So, *So* did he *So* ? *So* let him lie.

MR. *Nash*, fell in Company at a Coffee-House at St. James's with a Gentleman who was remarkably small of Stature, as well as remarkably pert and overbearing in Conversation. In short, he in the Course of an Argument threw out some personal Reflections on Mr. *Nash*; which exasperated the latter so much,

that he asked him what he meant by such Behaviour, and who he was? To which the dapper Gentleman answered, that he was one of the Masters of the greatest Public Grammar School in England. *One of the Masters?* returns *Nash*, *I rather think, by the Size of your Person and Understanding, that you are one of the Boys.*

ANOTHER Time Mr. *Nash*, being in Company where there was a Gentleman of a very studious Disposition, who sometimes, from Intenseness of Thought, was guilty of very ridiculous Mistakes; it happened that Night he fell into one of his Reveries, and Mr. *Nash's* Snuff-box lying open on the Table, the Gentleman got up and spit in the Box. *Nash*, who was a Stranger to the Gentleman and his Character, was very angry, and asked him what he meant by it? The Gentleman roused from Thought as one from a Dream, as soon as he recollected himself begged a thousand Pardons, alledging that he was *absent*. *Absent*, says *Nash*, *I wish with all my Heart you had been absent, then my Snuff would not have been spoiled.*

MR.

MR. *Nash* had frequent Disputes with a Gentleman who was of *French* Extraction, tho' born in *England*, relative to the Superiority of the two Nations in point of Wit. The Gentleman asserted, that the *English* were by no Means a Match for the *French* in Repartee and Sallies of Humour. *Nash* allowed, that the *French* had more Vivacity, and were more loquacious; but that notwithstanding the *English* were far from valuing themselves upon a Qualification of such trivial Consequence, yet as many real *bons Mons* passed in the Assemblies of the polite of this Kingdom as in those of *France*; and that as for our lower Class of People it was certain they were excelled by that of no Nation in the World for genuine natural Humour; and added, that he scarce ever passed along the Streets of *London*, or mingled in a Crowd there on any Occasion, but he met with some Instances in Proof of this Assertion. It happened that in their Return from the Coffee-house, where this Conversation was held, to St. *James's* End of the Town, there was a Crowd assembled to see a Man standing on the Pillory; on which the Gentleman proposed to Mr. *Nash* to secure their Pockets, and mingle among the Mob, by Way of Experiment, to confirm or annul the Character the latter had given of the Humour

mour of the common People. As the Delinquent in the Pillory was placed there for keeping a disorderly House, the Populace looking on it as an inconsiderable Offence, did not throw any Thing at, or ill treat him, as is usual for Crimes of a different Nature; therefore the Fellow was quite easy and unconcerned, and lifted the upper Part of the Pillory sometimes higher, and then let it lower again just to suit himself. Upon which one of the Spectators, who stood there with a Load upon his Head, seeing the Offender so dextrous, said, *D——n it, 'tis my Opinion this Fellow has served his Time to the Pillory, he is so handy about it.* To which a droll Rogue in a leather Apron, replied, *Served his Time to it? You may be sure he has; don't you see he is set up for himself? Set up?* says another, *how can he be set up, when he stands? why you foolish Dog,* rejoined he who spoke second, *Don't you know it is a standing Business?* And now a Fellow in a woollen Cap calls out to the Man in the Pillory. *Harkee, Cocky,* says he, *had you not rather the Jokes should fly about than the rotten Eggs?* *Aye sure, Master,* replies the Man, *though it was an Account of some Sort of Jokes, I got my Head into this Hole.* At this Time, a Barrow-woman added one more to the Assembly; when a Porter accosts her,

with

with, *Well, Moll, what brought you here ? To which she returned, Curiosity and my Legs, Jack ; now I hope the Fool's answered. Fool, says the Fellow, what do you mean by that, you Slut ? Why, rejoined she, you must be a Fool, because you can neither read or write. Very true, answered the Porter, but I can set my Mark ; and immediately striking her in the Face, gave her a black Eye : This brought on a Battle between the Porter and a Man who took the Woman's Part ; when Mr. Nash and his Friend made the best of their Way out of the Crowd, highly diverted with the above and several other Specimens of low Wit ; which the Gentleman allowed to be as good Puns as many to be met with in the *French Collections of Bons Mots.**

A Friend of Mr. Nash's complained to him, that the Extravagance and ill Conduct of his Wife had almost ruined him, and concluded, with a very common Phrase, in the complaining Way, *For Goodness Sake, what is to be said for these Things ? — Nothing, that I know of,* replied Mr. Nash, *is to be said for them, but much against them.*

A Gen-

A Gentleman was joking with a Physician, in the Presence of Mr. *Nash*, concerning the Faculty's wearing Swords, saying he thought it an absurd Custom ; as theirs ought to be rather a Dress of Gravity than Gaiety, and therefore they should leave the Sword to the military and other Gentlemen. But Mr. *Nash* insisted it was quite a necessary Custom ; and upon being ask'd his Reasons for it, he reply'd, *in order that they may defend themselves against the Resentment of Friends and Relations of the many Patients they send out of the World.*

When Mr. *Nash* was once in *London*, a Friend of his, who was very fond of Fine Ale, perswaded him to go with him to a House which was famous for selling that Liquor in Perfection. When they were there, Mr. *Nash* was desirous of passing an Hour or two at a Game of Draughts ; and accordingly asked the Landlord if he had a Draught-board in the House ? when being informed he had not, *I suppose then, says Nash, you never suffer any Draughts in your House, except Draughts of Ale.*

A Story has been frequently told of Mr. *Nash*, which perhaps may, with as much justice, be attributed to others ; however, as it redounds

to

to his advantage, the Reader will excuse our inserting it, without bringing Testimonials of the Truth ; it being, I think, agreed, that a Compiler of Story-books is not obliged, by any Law in being, to swear to the Truth of all which he relates.——When *Nash* was in *Italy*, he was mistaken for a Physician, and a Doctor is almost as good a Name to travel with as that of Captain. He readily answered to it. —— It happened at this Time that a Cardinal, eminent for his Charity and Moderation, as well as Learning, was in a declining Way, and given over by his Physicians ; and hearing that an *English* Physician was in Town, and concluding that some Medicines, or a Knowledge of the Disease he was afflicted with, might be discovered in *England*, which had escaped the Observation of the *Italians*, he sent for Dr. *Nash*. Our new-dubbed Physician, who wanted neither Countenance nor Address, waited on his Eminence ; and finding him afflicted with a Complaint which he had seen cured by a mighty simple Remedy in the West of *England*, he ventured to assure the Cardinal that he could give him Relief. The Cardinal, desirous to know by what means ? “ It is, replied *Nash*, by a Water, as much esteemed in my Country as holy Water is in your’s ; and, though

though the Flavour may not be so grateful, I will engage for its Efficacy." The Cardinal smiled, and directly put himself under our Doctor's Care.

DR. *Nash* supplied his Patient with this Water of Life every Morning and Evening for near five Weeks ; in which Time the Cardinal most miraculously recovered. Finding himself so well, he one Day sent for the Doctor to dine with him ; and after making him a noble Present for his Attendance, he begged the Favour of *Nash* to oblige him with a Recipe to make the Water, or at least to let him know when he might be able to get it, in case his Disorder should return after his Departure for *England*. Sir, says *Nash*, I always intended to oblige your Eminence with my-Secret ; but there is another Party concerned with me in the Medicine, whose Consent I know I can obtain ; and as it is a fine Day, if you will do me the Honour of your Company, we will take a ride to my Coadjutor, and finally settle the Affair. The Cardinal greatly rejoiced at the Candour, Generosity, and Friendship of his Physician, and not a little pleased with the Benefit he had received from the Medicine, ordered his Horses to be got ready, and rode out with

with *Nash*, who led him into the Country, where there was Plenty of Pasture Ground and many Cows. Here, says *Nash*, we are to alight; then taking a Pint Cup out of his Pocket, he waited for an Opportunity, and, from the first Cow that staled, he caught the Cardinal a Dose of his Cordial Water, and presenting it to him. “ This, Sir, says he, is my Medicine, and that is your Apothecary, whom you may use as Occasion shall require.” The Cardinal laughed excessively, and tasting the Fluid, and finding it the very same which he had been drinking so long and with such Success, called it the Blessed Water, and desired Leave of his Doctor to make it public for the Benefit of Mankind. *Nash* consented; but as this Adventure gained him among his Acquaintance the Name of the Cow-Doctor, he seldom heard it repeated with Complacency and Temper: for the Reader may remember that *Nash* rode naked on a Cow for a Wager; an Account of which the Reader may see in his *Life* lately published.

THIS Medicine is now in *Italy* as well as *England*, called the *All-Flower Water*.

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THIS

THIS Cardinal, we are told, was ever after fond of the *English*; and having once an Occasion to sail for *Portugal*, he made Choice of an *English* Vessel for that Purpose. The Winds happened to prove unfavourable, and so prolonged the Voyage, that his Eminence, who had laid in no great Stock of Provisions, began to be in Want, especially of Fish, which some Days in the Week he could not do without. The Captain perceiving this, told the Cardinal, That there was a Fish in his Country very much esteemed by some of his Catholic Friends, which he would present him with a Slice of, if agreeable. The Cardinal thanked him for the Favour, and the Captain produced an excellent Piece of Brawn; which his Eminence, not knowing what it was, eat of most heartily, and declared to the Captain, it was the finest Fish he had ever tasted; at the same Time desiring to know the Name of it, that he might procure himself some for his Friends in *England*. The Captain told him it was *Brawn*; and that he would give him farther Information when he came to *Lisbon*. When they arrived in the Harbour, the Cardinal applied to the Captain for his Directions about the *Brawn*; but the Captain, after asking his Eminence Pardon for some-

somewhat imposing on him, confessed the Truth, and told him that was not Fish, but Hog's Flesh; and that he had given it to his Eminence as Fish, because he perceived, that by living in the Manner he did in such tempestuous Weather, he would have been sick before he got to *Lisbon*. The Cardinal thanked him for his Care, and for keeping it a Secret from him, adding withal, *That he thought every Englishman was a Doctor; for that he was once cured of a dangerous Disorder by just such a Mad-cap as himself.*

AN Author came into a Bookseller's Shop where *Nash* was reading, and offered a Poem to sell. The Bookseller refusing to give the Money he asked, he turned short round, and said he would carry it home; for that he did not care how much Wit he had in Hand. *True, says Nash, and I think you should always keep some in Hand, my Friend, for I fancy you have but little in Head.*

A Gentleman where *Nash* was in Company, was speaking of the Behaviour of one of our late Monarchs; and observed, that his Majesty was so disconcerted at the Opposition the Ministry made to a Gentleman whom he want-

ed in Office, that he threw up the Sash, lean'd out of Window, and would not speak a Word. After a considerable Time, the Nobleman who was waiting to write down his Majesty's Instructions, asked him whose Name he would please to have put in the Patent ; the Devil's, if you will, said the King : And would your Majesty, says he, have the Address run in the usual Form, of *my dearly beloved Cousin and Counsellor* ? The King was so pleased with this Stroke of Wit, that he laughed immoderately. *True, says Nash, but my Lord was not so well pleased ; for, as the Place was not given to the Devil, he had not an Opportunity of obliging his old and most intimate Acquaintance.*

NASH, in a Market Town in the Country, had Occasion to employ a Porter about some Business, in which he blundered egregiously, and put Nash in a Passion, who scolded the Porter severely : Zounds ! Sir, says the Fellow, (unable to bear his Reproaches any longer) tell me what you'd have, and I'll get it you. Then get me, you Puppy, a greater Fool than yourself, says Nash. Away went the Porter, and meeting with the Mayor of the Town, told him, Mr. Nash was at that Inn, and wanted to speak with him. Nash, you must

must imagine, was greatly surpris'd when his Worship told him the Reason of his Visit, and to excuse himself, fairly confessed what pass'd between him and the Porter ; upon which the Mayor set out in a Passion, and immediately ordered the Fellow into the Stocks : As soon as *Nash* was inform'd of this, he repeated these Lines in *Pops* :

“ Unhappy Wit, like most mistaken Things,
 “ Attunes not for the Mischief that it brings.”

And then said he would go and comfort the poor Devil a little. When he came to the Place where the Delinquent was confined, he thus consoled him, *Sirrah*, says he, *being a poor Man, what Business have you with Wit ? It is an Ingredient which the Rich cannot manage but to their Disadvantage ;* and turning round to one of his Friends, *my Lord*,—says he, *has so much Wit, that he never can keep a Guinea in his Pocket ; and Colonel ———, because of his Wit, never could keep a Friend : Wit is ever dealing in Difficulties, you see it has brought this Man to the Stocks, who, if a Fool, might have been Mayor of the Town, and have sent others here ;* then giving him a Guinea, *there Friend*, said he, *is something for you ; now go Home, and study Stu-*

*pidity; That I will Master, said the Fellow,
I'll study the whole Corporation.*

I cannot quit his Worship, without mentioning some Circumstances of his Behaviour, which are truly characteristic, and which I have heard *Nash* tell with great Glee.

IN the Beginning of the last Rebellion, his wife Worship formed a Scheme, which he said would be of Service to the Government; and, as Mayor of the Corporation, supposed he had a Right to summon all the Justices who lived in the County to attend him. His Orders were issued accordingly; but at the Day of Meeting, no Body came, but two Wags, purposely to hear what he would be at: His Worship waited a great while with Impatience, and then biting his Lip, vowed Vengeance on all that were absent; I'll put, says he, I'll put a great G upon all their Names, and send it up to the King. But why, says one of the Gentlemen, why G? For *Jacobite*, says his Worship. The Gentlemen highly pleased with this Specimen of his scholastic Knowledge, commended his Resolution, and left him.

THIS Gentleman behaved with almost as much Sagacity at another Time, when a
young

young Fellow was brought before him for getting a Girl with Child. The Fellow, it seems, had refused to marry her, notwithstanding the Severity of his Worship's Threats and Commands; upon which he called out to *Timothy* his Clerk, who happened also to be his Brewer, to know what Punishment it was for getting Girls with Child? *Whipping*, Sir, quoth *Timothy*. *Then reach me down the Horse-whip*, says the Mayor; and with this Instrument, and his own Hand, did his Worship put the Laws in Execution. For which afterwards, a Lawyer, in his Turn, whipped his Worship with an Action for an Assault and Battery.

ONE of the Gamesters frequenting *Bath*, having married a Lady who brought forth a Son before his female Acquaintance had finished her Reckoning, the Company asked *Nash* what Sign it was, where *six* took Place of *nine*? Sign, says *Nash*, *why, it is a Sign that he is a good Gamester*.

SOME Years ago there was an ingenious Physician at *Bath*, who had waited for Patients 'till his Finances were out of Repair; insomuch, that *Nash* one Day met him in the Street dressed

ed with a large Muff upon his Hand, but in a ragged Night-gown. Such an uncommon Appearance excited the Attention of *Nash*, as well as others; who, going up to the Doctor, asked him the Reason of his appearing in that Character. This, Sir, Necessity has done for me, says the Doctor. *Then Necessity, says Nash, has made you a Raggamuffin*: But notwithstanding the Coarseness of the Joke, *Nash* felt for the poor Gentleman, and did him some signal Services.

A Gentleman in the West of *England* had a Present made him of an exceeding fine Ostrich, which excited the Curiosity of the Country, and such Numbers went to see it, that, had he been a Man of Spirit, he might with Reputation have spent half his Fortune; but as he was an egregious Miser, the History of that Country tells us, it never cost him a single Bottle of Wine. *Nash*, among others, was taken by a Relation of the Gentleman's to see this uncommon Creature. It was in the Summer-time, and they had travelled a great Way without any Refreshment: Upon which, *Nash* desired his Friend to make a Motion for something to drink; but he knowing his Cousin's Disposition, declined it. While they were
viewing

viewing the Animal, a Dispute arose between the two Kinsmen, whether the Account of its eating and digesting Iron was true, or false. After much Altercation it was left to the Decision of Mr. *Nash*; who boldly affirmed, that they did eat Iron; *and it is my Opinion*, says he, *this Devil has eaten the Key of the Cellar, or we should have been asked to drink before now.*

A Nobleman, remarkable for his Wit, usually diverted himself at *Morgan's* Coffee-house, by disputing with a Gentleman who was extremely positive, and at the same Time intensely dull; and this was carried on so long, and so frequently repeated, that the Company began to sicken at it; this somewhat hurt his Lordship (indeed, as it would any Man to have his Wit pass unnoticed) and seeing *Nash* sit glumm at the next Table, he asked what had so much engaged his Thoughts. Why, says *Nash*, to speak Truth, *I have been thinking it a great Pity your Lordship was not Prentice to a Fidler, for you are always at Play upon the Humstrum.*

A Gentleman was once at Supper with Mr. *Nash*, who had lost a large Sum of Money, which he could ill spare, and by that means had disconcert-

concerted his Footman, who had lived many Years in the Family, and had a great Affection for him. After Supper the Gentleman sent this Servant with his Box to a particular Shop for some Snuff, when he returned, the Gentleman applied a Pinch to his Nose, and found it not the Sort he wanted; upon which he questioned his Servant about it; who told him, that they had no Snuff left at that Shop, and therefore he went to another, for he *thought* he must bring some Home with him. You thought you Dog, says the Gentleman, what Business had you to think. *Nay, Sir,* says the Footman, *it is fit some of us should.* This Answer, tho' impertinent, was so well pointed, and was delivered with so much Concern in the Man's Countenance, that the Master made no Reply; and *Nash* pleased with the Man's Fidelity, and Affection for his Master, and the Family, sent for him the next Day and gave him a Guinea.

NOTWITHSTANDING *Nash* valued himself much on his Wit, he was frequently overmatched, and sometimes let down even by the common People. An Instance of this I once was Witness of at an Inn upon the Road; when *Nash*, being informed that a Carrier who stopped at the

the Door was an arch Fellow, thus attacked him. Why, they tell me, my Friend, that you are a very wise Man; *May be so*, says the Fellow. And that you know all *London*, continued *Nash*, and every Body in it; Pray can you tell where I live? *In Knaves Acre*, says the Carrier; Ay, but I am about to move, says *Nash*, *And that will be to Tyburn*, quoth the other.

THE Carrier was afterwards asked by the Landlord whether he had seen his Nephew, and what Trade he was apprenticed to? *A Mutton-pye Maker*, answered the Fellow; and, when out of his Time, he intends to take you in Partner with him; so that you may steel Sheep upon the Downs here, and he'll Pye them off in *London*. Faith you'll have a rare Trade on it. I hope we may, says the Landlord, and you shall be our Carrier. *That I would with Pleasure*, says the Fellow, *if you were both going to the Gallows*.

NASH being one Day informed, that a Gentleman had abused him in the Coffee-room, and called him an immoral Man, and a Whoremonger, went to him before he had left the Company, and thus addressed him. Sir, I hear that you have been pleased, in my Absence, to take great Liberties with my Character, and,

as I never gave you, or the Public, to my Knowledge, any Offence, I think, I have some Right to call you to Account for this extraordinary Behaviour. The Gentleman was a little startled, and asked, what he had said that was so much to his Disadvantage? Why, among other Things, says *Nash*, you called me Whoremonger, which is a Character I abhor. Why, Mr. *Nash*, I have been informed, says the Gentleman, that this is true. Then, Sir, you have been misinformed, says *Nash*, and you ought not to repeat idle Stories after such idle Tongues. I acknowledge, says he, I have a Woman lives in my House, and that may have occasioned the Mistakes; but if I did keep her, a Man can no more be deemed a Whoremonger, from having one Whore in his House, than a Cheesemonger, for having one Cheese.

THE last Revel exhibited at the *Temple*, was in Honour of King *William*, and conducted by Mr. *Nash*. His Majesty was so well pleased with the Management of the Master of the Revels (as *Nash* was then called) and with the Decorum observed, that he offered to Knight him; but *Nash* stepping up to the King, begged, *If the Honour of Knighthood was designed for him, that he might be made one of his Majesty's poor Knights*

Knights of Windsor, and then, said he, my Fortune would be sufficient to support my Title.

We are told that Queen Anne offered Nash the same Honour, which he again refused. The Queen, a little surprized, desired to know the Reason of his Refusal. Nash told his Majesty *he was afraid to be knighted, lest Sir William Read the Mountebank (who had been just knighted) should call him Brother.*

WHEN Nash was one Evening employed in Wiltshire's Room in collecting Money for the Bath Hospital, a Lady entered, who is more remarkable for her Wit than her Charity; and not being able to pass by him unobserved, she gave him a Pat with her Fan, and said, *You must put down a Trifle for me, Nash, for I have no Money in my Pocket.* Yes, Madam, says he, that I will with Pleasure, if your Grace will tell me when to stop; then taking an handful of Guineas out of his Pocket, he began to tell them into his white Hat, one, two, three, four, five. *Hold, hold,* says the Dutches, *consider what you are about.* Consider your Rank and Fortune, Madam, says Nash, and continued telling, six, seven, eight, nine, ten. Here the Dutches called again, and seemed

F

angry.

angry. Pray compose yourself, *Madam*, cried *Nash*, and don't interrupt the Work of Charity; eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen. Here the Dutchess stormed, and caught hold of his Hand. Peace, *Madam*, says *Nash*; you shall have your Name written in Letters of Gold, *Madam*, and upon the Front of the Building, *Madam*, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty. *I won't pay a Farthing more*, says the Dutchess. Charity hides a Multitude of Sins, replies *Nash*, twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five. *Nash*, says she, *I protest you frighten me out of my Wits, L—d, I shall die!* *Madam*, you will never die with doing Good; and if you do, it will be the better for you, answered *Nash*, and was about to proceed; but perceiving her Grace had lost all Patience, a Parley ensued; when he, after much Altercation, agreed to stop his Hand, and compound with her Grace for thirty Guineas. The Dutchess, however, seemed displeased the whole Evening, and when he came to the table where she was playing, bid him, *stand farther, an ugly Devil, for she hated the Sight of him.* But her Grace afterwards, having a Run of good Luck, called *Nash* to her: *Come*, says she, *I will be Friends with you, though you are a Fool; and to let you see*
I am

I am not angry, there are ten Guineas more for your Charity.

NASH seldom boasted of his Family or Learning; and his Father's Name and Circumstances were so little known, that Dr. Cheney used frequently to say, that *Nash* had no Father. The Dutchess of *Marlborough* one Day rallying him in public Company upon the Obscurity of his Birth, compared him to *Gil Blas*, who was ashamed of his Father. No, *Madam*, replied *Nash*, *I seldom mention my Father in Company; not because I have any Reason to be ashamed of him, but because he has some Reason to be ashamed of me.*

A Subscription was once proposed to strike a Medal in Honour of the Recovery of the Prince of *Orange* by the *Bath Waters*, Application was accordingly made to an eminent Artist for a Design; which was executed, and shewn to many of the Nobility and Gentry. Most of them thought it out of Character, and ill executed; but, as they were divided in their Opinion, it was referred to *Nash*; and the Gentleman who carried it to him delivered it in a Passion, and said it was a Pick-pocket Piece of Work: *Don't be angry*, said

Nash, looking at the Piece, *don't be angry, my Lord, the Man may be a very honest Man, for I see he is no Designer.*

A Gentleman seeing *Nash* go out very finely dressed, after the mutual Compliments, asked where he was going? *Going*, says *Nash*, *why I am going to advertise*: What, says the Gentleman? *Why, myself*, quoth *Nash*, *for that's the only Use of a fine Coat.*

AT one of our public Schools, the *Eunuch* of *Terence* was got up, and exhibited by the Scholars. *Nash* was present at the Performance, which indeed deserved and obtained the greatest Applause; but the good Doctor thinking one of the Scenes too luscious, had cut it out; for which he was commended by most of the Auditors, who said, it was a Mark of true Taste and Judgment. *I will not dispute either the Doctor's Taste or Judgment with you*, says *Nash*; *but I think it was a cruel Thing of him to castrate a Eunuch.*

A Gentleman travelling with *Nash*, who had a bad Guinea in his Pocket, called his Servant to the Side of the Post-Chaise; *Tom*, says he, here's a Guinea, which is too light,
and

and I can get no body to take it, do you see and part with it somehow or other on the Road. Yes, Sir, says the Footman, *I'll endeavour.* Nash remonstrated against this as both dishonest and cruel; but the Gentleman only laughed at his Admonition, and said he knew nothing of the World. When they came to their Inn at Night, the Gentleman called to his Servant to know if he had passed off the Guinea? Yes, Sir, says the Man, *I did it slyly;* Aye, Tom, says the Master, I fancy thou art a sly Sort of a Fellow; but tell me how? *Why, Sir, say the Footman, the People refused him at Breakfast, and so they did where your Honour dined; but as I had a Groat to pay at the Turnpike, I whipped him in between the Halfpence, and the Man put it in his Pocket, and never saw it.*

MR. Nash, many years ago, happened to be at the Play-house at the Revival of *Shakespeare's Twelfth Night*. The Piece received little Applause till the following Lines were delivered:

— She never told her Love;
But let Concealment, like a Worm i'th' Bud,
Prey on her Damask Cheek. She pin'd in
Thought;

And with a green and yellow Melancholy,
 She sat like Patience on a Monument,
 Smiling at Grief. —

Here the whole Theatre burst into Applause;
 but *Nash* was observed to stand up and clap after
 all the rest had done; upon which a Nobleman
 in the Boxes called aloud to know what he
 meant by that Sort of Behaviour. *Why, you
 clapp'd the Piece, my Lord, says Nash, and I
 clap the Audience for discovering so much
 true Taste and Judgment.*

A Gentleman, who was Son to a Globe
 and mathematical Instrument Maker, but pos-
 sessed a large Estate by the Death of a Rela-
 tion, was so intolerably weak and proud, that
 he could not bear to hear the least Mention
 made of his Family. He had one Morning
 behaved very rudely in the Coffee-house; upon
 which a Gentleman complained to *Nash* of
 him, and said, he was not fit to keep Com-
 pany with Gentlemen; for that he knew no-
 thing of the World. *I am sorry for that, says
 Nash, I thought the Gentleman had understood the
 World very well; I am sure he ought, for his
 Father has traversed the Globe many a Time, and
 it is strange that he never accompanied him.*

Two

Two Gentlemen who came very hungry into the *White Lion* at *Bath*, ordered three Fowls to be roasted for Supper, which were brought upon the Table just as Mr. *Nash* came in to speak with one of them about Business. They went out together, and while they were absent, the remaining Gentleman fairly chopt up all the Supper. When they returned, the other Gentleman was astonished, and asked *Nash* what he thought of his Companion? Think, says *Nash*, why, I think he is a very foul Feeder.

SIR Richard **** rallied *Nash* one Morning in *Simpson's* Room, and told the Company he had brought his Nephew *Bob* with him to *Bath*, who would beat *Nash* out of the Pit; for he was a great Story-teller. I don't wonder at that, says *Nash*, when he came of such a lying Generation.

A Sharper was telling his Friends at *Tunbridge*, that he had brought a young Baronet out of the Country, whose Merit he extolled prodigioussly, and at last added, that he was a very honest Man. He is to be pitied for that, says *Nash*: What, for being an honest Man? says the other. No, answered *Nash*;
but

but being an honest Man, he is to be pitied for being in your Company.

NASH was once proposing a Charity Subscription in *Wiltshire's* Room at *Bath*, when Sir *William* * * * was present; and after he had delivered a Sentence to the Company, he repeated it aloud in Sir *William's* Ear. What dost bellow thy Nonsense in my Ears for? says the Knight; *Because*, replied Nash, *on these Occasions you are generally deaf.*

A Gentleman, who pretended to be a great Controversialist, and was fond of religious Disputes, was in the Coffee-house in *Bath* talking of the Fathers; of whom he was so ignorant, that having Occasion to mention St. *Origen*, he called him St. *Original*: St. *Original*, said his Antagonist, who is that St. *Original*? Oh, says a Nobleman who sat by, *it can be no Body but Nash.*

A Gentleman once told Nash, that he was both the Butt and the Fool of the Company. No, Sir, says Nash, *I am the Butt, and you —* What? says the Gentleman — *You are to supply the Deficiency*, says Nash.

NASH

NASH often played Tricks with others; and, upon certain Occasions, received very severe Retaliations. Being at *York Races*, and having lost all his Money, some of his Companions agreed to equip him with fifty Guineas, upon this Proviso, that he would stand at the great Door of the Minster in a Blanket, as the People were coming out of Church. To this Proposal he readily agreed; but the Dean coming by, unfortunately knew him. What, says the Doctor, *Mr. Nash in Masquerade? Only a Yorkshire Penance, Mr. Dean, for keeping bad Company*, quoth Nash, pointing to his Companions.

NASH seeing a Gentleman before him in *Fleet-street*, whom he took for an old Acquaintance, ran after him; and, without speaking a Word, clapped him on the Shoulder: However, when the Gentleman turned, he discovered his Error, and asked Pardon; but the other grumbled, and seemed displeased: *Pray, don't be angry*, says Nash, *why, I mistook you for a very honest Gentleman?* How do you know but I am so? said the other surlily; *Why, if you are*, says Nash, *I shall be a second Time disappointed.*

THOUGH

THOUGH *Nash*, in a great Measure, lived by Gaming, he always abhorred the Practice of taking in the Ignorant and Unthinking. I remember once seeing a young Baronet of Fortune in Company with a Parcel of Sharpers, who were posting to their Place of Rendezvous, when *Nash* coming by, endeavoured to take him out of their Clutches ; but not being able to effect his Purpose, he sought the young Gentleman's Uncle, and thus addressed him : *My Lord*, says he, *the Priests of Dagon have just led your Nephew to be sacrificed. It is a Sin-offering, my Lord, and as it concerns your Family more than any other, I would advise you to partake of the Oblation.* His Lordship had the good Sense to make a proper Use of this round-about hint, and got his Nephew out of their Hands.

THE same young Baronet being afterwards in Company with a Set of Sharpers, they caressed him in an extraordinary Manner ; but took no notice of the Friend who was with him, whom he knew to be a Man of good Understanding ; and therefore applied to his Friend to know the Reason why they were at such a Distance with him. *Why*, Sir, says he, *I have been caught already, and you never knew a*
good

good Angler give himself the Trouble to play with Fish he had in safe Custody ; but if you'll only lend me your Purse, you will find these well-bred Gentlemen will be altogether as courteous and kind to me.

A very large fat Woman, dressed in a very fine but inelegant Manner, and who set herself up for a Lady of wonderful Taste, was complaining in *Simpson's Room* of the Pertness of some young Ladies ; adding, that it was not so in her Time. No, says a young Lady present, that was a fine Time, I'll engage : That it was, answered the other (and instead of saying *Halcyon*) added in Raptures, these Days were *hulkin* Days indeed. *What*, says *Nash*, *was you always as hulkin as you are now, Madam ?*

A young Gentleman in *Tunbridge* had played the loose, and ran his Father, who was there with his Family, a good deal in Debt ; upon which the old Man laid hold of him, and caned him upon the *Pantiles* before all the Company ; then turning to *Nash*, who had interposed, asked, If he ever saw such a Fool in his Life, and what he thought of him ? *Sir*, says *Nash*, *he is bad indeed, but it seems to*
be

be a Family Complaint, and I hope you'll excuse him.

A Gentleman had told a most surprising Story at *Morgan's* Coffee-house ; and, in order to enforce Belief, said it was so unaccountable, so every Way wonderful, that he never could have believed it, if he had not seen it himself ; yet, when the Company doubted of the Fact, he seemed angry, and turning round to *Nash*, said he thought himself ill used ; *Not by me*, says *Nash*, *nor by others, that I know of ; we have none of us seen this wonderful Phænomenon, and, as you say, you would not have believed it if you had not seen it, you ought to allow others to be as cautious and sensible as yourself.*

A Nobleman, famous for his Wit and Humour, entered the Coffee house during this Debate, to whom the angry Gentleman complained of their Behaviour ; and having repeated the Story, and without waiting for an Answer, turned to the Company, and said, that he knew his Lordship would believe it. *Oh yes*, said the Nobleman, *that I'll do, I'll believe it with all my Heart ; but there is not one in a hundred that would.*

A Ba-

A Baronet of little Fortune, but with a great Portion of Pride, and was coupled to a Woman that had altogether as much, consulted *Nash* about marrying his two Daughters, each of whom had been addressed by several of their Acquaintance. Their Characters and Qualifications were particularly mentioned to him; but there was a Complaint against each of them that they wanted Breeding, and both Father and Mother declared, *That they could not think of marrying their Children to those who were not well bred.* To this *Nash* made no Answer. The Baronet, after waiting some Time, desired he would tell him without Disguise his real Sentiments of the Matter; *My Advice in this Case, says Nash, can be of no Service; and therefore I must beg to be excused; for I find there are too many Debates about Breeding in your Family, ever to have any real Breeding in it.*

A Lady, on her first coming to *Bath*, seeing *Nash* behave with so much Ease and Freedom to People of the first Distinction, asked who was his Dancing-master? *Nash* pretended not to hear; upon which a Nobleman, who sat by, told her Ladyship, that it was one Mr. *Assurance*, who was also *Nash's* constant Com-

nion, and had instructed most of the fine Gentlemen and Ladies in Town.

NASH has often declared in public Company, that when young he was abroad, and in an Engagement was wounded in the Leg. A Gentleman, who knew that *Nash* would rodomontade, and little Regard was to be paid to these Sallies of Wit, turned to his Friend, and asked if *Nash* was really wounded in the Leg? *Why, there he is*, said the Gentleman, *let him speak for himself*; as for my Part, continued he, *I don't know that he has been ever wounded there, but I know he has received many large Wounds in his Reputation.*

NASH was once telling this Story about his being wounded in a very polite Company, who all wanted to know where he received the Wound? Which he not answering immediately, the old Dutcheß of *Marlborough* told them, *That she was sure it must be in the Back*; for *Nash* had too much Modesty to look his Enemies in the Face.

It has been observed, that few People were acquainted with *Nash's* Father, and we have
already

already inserted a Jest on that Occasion. This was once the Topic of Conversation at *Tunbridge*, when a Lady of Distinction desired that some of them would inform her whose Child he was? Why, Madam, says a young Nobleman, he was the Child of Chance, who left him to be nursed by Folly; and he has been always maintained at the Expence of the Public: At this the Company laughed; but *Nash* only whistled; the Reason of which being asked, he told them, he *always did so when his Lordship's led Captain or Toad-eater was absent, that the Company might know when he said a good Thing.*

IN the Infancy of the *Bath Waters*, a Physician, who had been there affronted, wrote a Pamphlet to reduce their Estimation, and said he should, by that Means throw a Toad into their Spring. *Nash* hearing this, offered to match his Hautboy against the Doctor's Head; and after that, opposed him with all the Virulence of Music; in short, the Contest was great, but *Music won the Cause*; and, as the Doctor died soon after, the Wags remarked, that it was extremely odd, that one Doctor should set up that as an Antidote for the Sting

and Poison of the Tarantula, which had stung and poisoned his Brother.

Mr. Nash was one Evening at a Gentleman's House, when his Wife and Daughter came from a Visit; and after chatting a little while with Mr. Nash, they retired to change their Dress: On their coming into the Room again to pass the Evening; *So Ladies, says Nash, you have been playing at Hoop-aside, I perceive.*

It is well known, that Nash kept up the Dignity of the Balls both at Bath and Tunbridge, and would not suffer any Ladies to be admitted that were not properly dressed: A certain Dutchess, however, who was of too much Consequence to be refused Admittance, came dressed in a white Apron, and making up directly to him, Your Servant, Sir, said she, your Servant, Mr. Nash. He saw that this was done to lessen his Authority, and therefore answered coolly, *How do you do, Mrs. Abigail? What do you mean, says she, you Puppy, do you take me for my Servant? Madam, says Nash, I beg your Grace's Pardon, and your Servant's too; for I see you are not half so handsome.*

A Gentleman who was just come off a Journey, found Means to get into the Ball-Room at *Bath*, accoutred in his Boots and Spurs, and a Whip in his Hand. *Nash* immediately making up to him, told him he was glad to see him at *Bath*; but begged Leave to remind him of a Piece of Neglect which he had been guilty of. What is that, Sir, said the Gentleman? *Why*, Sir, replied *Nash*, *I see you have got your Boots, Spurs, and Whip, but you have unfortunately left your Horse behind.*

A Gentleman was once at Play with a Lady for considerable Stakes, which he, from Time to Time lost, without either complaining, or taking the necessary Precaution to secure the Game: Upon which the young Lady's Father turning to *Nash*, asked which was the best Gamster? *Oh*, the Gentleman, abundantly, says *Nash*, *he don't play for Diamonds but Hearts.* And so it happened, for he played himself into the Lady's good Graces, and married her in a few Days, though he was a Child of Fortune, and she Heiress to a considerable Estate.

NASH, like most other Wits, was too apt to say cruel Things, and to sacrifice Decency and Good-nature to a Jest. One Day in the

Grove he joined some Ladies, and asking *one* of them, who was crooked, whence she came? She replied, *Strait from London. Indeed, Madam, said he, then you must have been confoundedly warp'd by the Way.*

AN House in *Bath* was said to be haunted by the Devil, and a great Noise being made about it, *Nash* went to the Minister of *St. Michael's*, and intreated him to drive the Devil out of *Bath* for ever, *if it were on'y to oblige the Ladies.*

NASH used sometimes to visit the great *Dr. Clarke*. The Doctor was one Day conversing with *Locke*, and two or three more of his learned and intimate Companions, with that Freedom, Gaiety, and Chearfulness, which is ever the Result of Innocence. In the Midst of their Mirth and Laughter, the Doctor, looking from the Window, saw *Nash's* Chariot stop at the Door: *Boys, Boys*, cried the Philosopher to his Friends, *let us now be wise, for here is a Fool coming.*

NASH was one Day complaining in the following Manner to the Earl of *Chesterfield* of his bad Luck at Play: Would you think it, my Lord,

Lord, that damned Bitch *Fortune*, no later than last Night, tricked me out of 500. Is it not surprising, continued he, that my Luck should never turn ; that I should thus eternally be mauled ? *I don't wonder at your losing Money*, Nash, says his Lordship, *but all the World is surprised how you get it to lose.*

Doctor *Cheney* once, when *Nash* was ill, drew up a Prescription for him, which was sent in accordingly. The next Day the Doctor coming to see his Patient, found him up and well ; upon which he asked, If he had followed his Prescription ? *Followed your Prescription*, cried *Nash*, *No. — Egad, if I had, I should have broke my Neck ; for I flung it out of the Two-pair of Stairs Window.*

A young Lady who was just come out of the Country, and affected to dress in a very plain Manner, was sitting on a Bench at *Bath*, as *Nash* and some of his Companions were passing by ; upon which, turning to one of them, he said, There's a smart Country Girl, I will have some Discourse with her. Then going up to the Lady, so Child, says he, you are just come to *Bath*, I see ; *Yes, Sir*, answered the Lady : And you have been a good Girl

in the Country, and learned to read your Book, I hope: *Yes, Sir.* Pray now, says he, let me examine you, I know you have read your Bible, and the History of *Tobit* and his Dog. Now can you tell me, What was the Dog's Name? *Yes, Sir,* says she, *his Name was Nash, and an impudent Dog he was.*

NASH, though very moderate both in Eating and Drinking, was remarkably fond of hot Suppers, and generally went to Bed soon after he had done; which induced Dr. *Cheney* to tell him jestingly, that he behaved like other Brutes, and laid down as soon as he had filled his Belly. *Very true,* replied *Nash*, *and this Prescription I had from my Neighbour's Cow, who is a better Physician than you, and a superior Judge of Plants, notwithstanding you have written so learnedly on the vegetable Diet.*

A poor Woman who came to *Bath* for her Health, and was reduced to the utmost Distress, applied to Mr. *Nash* for Relief. He heard her Case, and gave her something to subsist on till he could contrive (as he told her) some Method of finding her Subsistence till the Waters had effected her Cure. The poor Woman was the next Week shut out of her Lodgings,

ings, and obliged to apply to *Nash* again ; who told her, that many of the Rich, who came there for Health, got well, and feeling no Pain themselves, had lost all Bowels of Compassion to others ; and that the Healthy, who came for Pleasure, were grown sick of the many charitable Subscriptions he had handed about ; therefore, in order to get you Money, Madam, says he, we must do something to excite Curiosity. Do you go to *John Simpson* without *West-Gate*, and hire one of his *Jack Asses* for a Week, and take it to any House in the Neighbourhood where you can have a convenient Lodging, and I will draw up an Advertisement in your Favour. In short, the Ass was provided, the poor Woman properly prepared ; and in a few Days came out the following Advertisement, which was distributed in the public Rooms. *There is just arrived in this City a Woman, who is the Wonder of her Sex : She talks rationally, reasons well, has a Face like other Women, but has two Eyes in her A—— ; which are to be seen at any Hour in the Day, paying Half a Crown for Admittance.* N.B. A decent Woman of good Character is provided to band in the Ladies ; but the Sexes are to come separately, for Gentlemen and Ladies will not be admitted who come together ; though any Number

of

of either Sex may see at a Time. This excited Curiosity with a Vengeance ; even the Ladies giggled, and asked the Gentlemen if they had seen the Woman with the two Eyes. After much little Talk of this Sort in the Rooms, *Nash* was deputed to enquire into this wonderful Phænomemon ; who, at his Return, made a Report exceedingly in her Favour ; upon which a Number of Gentlemen went with him, and paid their Half Crowns ; all of whom were well pleased ; and, as *Nash* desired, extolled the Curiosity amazingly, so that all the Gentlemen went with him, from Time to Time, to see the wonderful Woman with the two Eyes in ——— and so forth. At last the Ladies ventured under the Conduct of a Matron whom *Nash* had prepared for that Purpose. They were likewise wonderfully pleased, or pretended to be so ; and all the Ladies at *Bath* saw the poor Woman with two Eyes, &c. What excites the Curiosity of the Great, will operate wonderfully on the Little. This was the Laugh at every Table ; and the Servants, who languished for the Sight, were suffered to go, and admitted for a Shilling each ; and then the two Eyes were shewn at this under Rate, till all the Inhabitants of *Bath* were satisfied ; when the poor Ass was returned to

John

John Simpson again, that it might be said, there was a Man in *Bath* who had as many Eyes in his A—s as any Woman whatever.

A Justice of Peace, who was strongly possessed of the *Cacoethes Scribendi*, or Itch of Scribbling, and had published a Book on various Subjects, sent it by his Amanuensis as a Present to *Nash*, who received it very thankfully: But afterwards dipping into it, and finding it full of Faults, he returned it with his Complaints, and desired his Worship would commit it to the House of Correction.

A Gentleman at *Bath*, who had been very extravagant, and squandered away most of his Fortune, not frequenting the Rooms as usual, many of his Friends enquired after him of *Nash*, who told them that *he kept his Bed*; upon which several of them went to see him, and finding him well, told him the Report which *Nash* had spread. The Gentleman a little disgusted, went to *Nash*, and in a Passion, asked why he had treated him in that Manner? Why in such a Heat, says *Nash*, I hope I said nothing but the Truth? I ventured to tell these Gentlemen, indeed, that you kept your Bed, and if you have I rejoice at it; it is the
only

only Thing you have kept, and I know it would be the last you would part with.

A Gentleman of polite Learning was elected into a certain great Assembly famous for brawling and Debates; upon which *Nash* complimented one of the Members of that House, and told him, it would now shine more than ever; for that the new Member was a very polite and sensible Man, and had written learnedly on *Grammar Eloquence, Virtue, and Happiness*. That may be, says the Gentleman, but *these are useless Ingredients in our House, he will find none of them there.*

At a Tavern Meeting where Mr. *Nash* was present, the Money usually allotted being expended, and the Company being in a merry Mood, were disposed to stay somewhat longer, a Whip was proposed, which *Nash* undertook to collect; but one of the Company, a testy old Gentleman, when applied to, made a great many Words at spending a Trifle extraordinary; and added, Suppose I have not a Mind to whip, what then? *Why then,* says *Nash*, *you must e'en whip away.*

A Gen-

A Gentleman, with whom Mr. *Nash* was but slightly acquainted, had borrowed a Sum of Money of him at Gaming, and neglected Payment, more from Want of Principle than Necessity; which, as soon as *Nash* was informed of, he determined to give him a Rub the first Opportunity. It happened, that one Day at *Morgan's* Coffee-house Mr. *Nash* was complaining of his having a violent Cold; when the above Gentleman, who was a Friend to Family Nostrums, told Mr. *Nash* he could give him a Receipt that would cure him presently, and very officiously wrote it out, and presented it to him. *Nash* thanked him kindly for the Trouble he had taken, and told him he should be glad to return the Favour by giving him a Receipt. The Gentleman eagerly enquired for what? *For the Money you have been so long indebted to me, Sir,* says *Nash*.

IN the last War there was an *Extraordinary Gazette* published on a *Friday*; which happened to contain nothing but what had been inserted in the Papers before; at which the Company at *Morgan's* were diverting themselves, saying, as the next Day was a Gazette Day, the Printer might have kept it till then, and not put the Public to an extraordinary Expence for old

Intelligence. *True, says Nash, it is not so stale, but that it might very well have kept a Day longer.*

MR. *Nash* used to repeat, with singular Pleasure, some Repartees of King *Charles's* and the Marquis of *Worcester*; among which are the following, which we do not remember to have seen in any Collection of this Kind. When King *Charles* first went to the Castle of *Ragland*, the Marquis of *Worcester* kissed the King's Hand; and, as he was rising up again, he saluted his Majesty with this Compliment: "My Lord, I am not worthy." To which the King replied, My Lord, I may well answer you again, *I have not found so great Faith in Israel*; for no Man would trust me with so much Money as you have done. To this the Marquis answered, *I hope your Majesty will prove a Defender of the Faith.*

DURING the Siege of *Ragland*, a Musket Ball flew into the Room where the Marquis of *Worcester* was entertaining his Friends; which glancing on a little marble Pillar of the Window, from thence rebounded, and struck the Marquis on the Side of the Head, and then fell flatted on the Table. The breaking the Pillar to Pieces made such a Noise in the Room,
that

that the Countess of Glamorgan, the Marquis's Daughter, imagining the whole House was coming down, ran away, crying out in a terrible Fright; but finding she was more afraid than hurt, returned back, and apologized for her Rudeness in leaving her Father: To which he replied, " Daughter, you had Reason to run away when your Father was knock'd on the Head." And pausing a little, and turning the flatted Bullet round with his Finger, he said to the Company, *Those who had a Mind to flatter me in my younger Days, were wont to tell me that I had a good Head-piece; but if I don't flatter myself, I think I have a good Head-piece in my old Age, or else it would not have been Musket Proof.*

The Marquis of Worcester, on the King's entering Ragland Castle, delivered him the Keys, according to the Custom on such Occasions; when his Majesty returning them to the Marquis, the latter said, *I beseech your Majesty to keep them, if you please; for they are now in a good Hand, but I am afraid, 'ere it be long, I shall be obliged to deliver them into the Hands of those who will spoil the Compliment.*

THE first Night of King *Charles's* paying a Visit to the Marquis at *Ragland* Castle, his Majesty desired to see the great Tower where his Lordship kept his Treasure; he therefore spoke to Dr. *Baily*, then standing by him, to fetch the Keys, who acquainted the Marquis with the King's Pleasure; but he brought them himself to the King, in order to shew him the Tower; when his Majesty observing the Marquis coming with the Keys, said to him, "My Lord, there are some Men so unreasonable, as to make me believe, that your Lordship hath yet great Store of Gold left within this Tower; but I knowing how I have exhausted you, together with your own Occasions, could never have believed it, had I not seen that you will not trust the Keys out of your own Hand." To which the Marquis very humorously replied, *I was so far from giving your Majesty just Occasion for such a Thought by this Tender of my Duty, that I protest I was once resolved that your Majesty should have lain there, but that I was loth to commit your Majesty to the Tower.*

THE same Nobleman once took a new Servant into the Family to wait on him, and this Man had the Misfortune to think himself wiser than he was thought by others, inso-

much,

much, that on a certain occasion, he told the Marquis he had not acted wisely; and that if he were the Marquis, he would have done so and so. The Marquis, in return to this Impertinence, only made the following gentle Reply; *Could I find a Servant who was wiser than his Master, I would give Gold for such an one; I would not give a Rush for one that thinks himself wiser than his Master.*

A Lady of great Quality in the above King's Time, gave into a very free Indulgence of Pleasures, even to a vicious Degree; so that a very worthy Clergyman admonished her to a Change of Conduct, urging the Vanity of all human Things as set forth by *Solomon*: In answer to which, she angrily replied, "Don't tell me of *Solomon*; *Solomon* never said they were Vanity until he had tried them all, and even so will I, and then will give you my opinion of them. Upon hearing which, King *Charles* merrily observed, *That the Lady seemed to be led more by Sense than Faith.*

THE Corporation of *Bath*, in Honour to Mr. *Nash*, placed a full Length Statue of him in the Pump-Room, between the Busts of *Newton* and *Pope*; upon which Occasion the

Earl of *Chesterfield* wrote the following severe and witty Epigram :

Immortal *Newton* never spoke
More Truth than here you'll find ;
Nor *Pope* himself e'er penn'd a Joke
Severer on Mankind.

The Picture plac'd, the Busts between,
Adds to the Satire Strength ;
Wisdom and *Wit* are little seen,
But *Folly* at full Length.

AN intimate Friend of Mr. *Nash*'s having greatly hurt his Constitution by Irregularities, and particularly by drinking and late Hours, Mr. *Nash* cautioned him to leave off his irregular Conduct in Time, and above all, to avoid excessive Drinking and sitting up late. The Gentleman took this Advice kindly, and observed it pretty well ; but it happened one Night, that the Company were more than ordinary agreeable ; and when it grew late, Mr. *Nash* got up to go, and jogged his Friend for that Purpose. Upon which the Gentleman said, Faith, *Nash*, I have observed your Lesson a good while ; but the Company is now so agreeable, that my Resolution is quite gone,
and

and I must stay. *I ask your Pardon, Sir, replied Nash, I am sure, if your Resolution is gone, it is Time for you to go too; and so hurried him off.*

MR. NASH used to tell of an old miserly Gentleman of his Acquaintance in the Country, who had Occasion once to send his Maid with a Letter to the Post-Office, (which was two Miles from his House) on a very rainy Day, when the Girl, to save herself from being wet, offered a Lad in the Neighbourhood a Groat, Six-pence, and at last a Shilling, to carry it; which the old Miser overhearing, *Well, Betty, says he, since you can get no Body to go, give me the Shilling, and I will go myself;* which he accordingly did.

NASH was much pleased with, and used often to repeat the following witty Turn of a German Officer. This Gentleman, being at Paris soon after the Armies of *Louis XIV.* had received several signal Defeats; as he was viewing the Crown of Laurel that the Figure of *Victory* holds over the Head of that King in the *Place des Victoires* at Paris, the Officer keenly asked, *Adfert an aufert?* That is, in plain

plain *English*, Is she, (*Victory*) bringing it to him, or taking it away.

MR. *Nash*, once overtook on the Road, an extravagant young Gentleman, who had, a little before, borrowed a few Guineas of him at the Gaming-Table; when *Nash* putting him in Mind of it, he promised to pay him some of the Money before they parted. As they were jogging on their Journey, they chanced to pass by a Pound, when the young Gentleman taking a Shilling out of his Pocket, chucked it into the Pound; "There, *Nash*, says he, there's One Pound One of your Money." To which *Nash* severely replied, *I can make no more of it, Sir, than a Shilling in the Pound; which I suppose is the Way you intend to pay all your Debts.*

MR. *Nash* often declared, he never laughed so heartily in his Life, as at a Mistake of a Waiter at a Tavern in *London*. He being just arrived in Town, went to a Tavern in *Fleet-street*, in order to send for a Friend and sup; but being very thirsty when he came in, he bid the Waiter fetch him a little Porter immediately; upon which the Lad ran to the *Temple* and presently returned, introducing a little Man
a Ticket-

a Ticket-Porter, telling Mr. *Nash*, he was the *least* Porter he could meet with.

THE following Lines were written about six Years ago, when Mr. *Nash*'s Friends were procuring a Subscription to the Support of that meritorious, though particular Member of Society. They were the extempore Production of a Lady celebrated for her Wit and Accomplishments, who was lately married to a foreign Nobleman.

ALL ye who visit *Bath* and *Tunbridge*, fraught
 With too *much* Money, or too *little* Thought;
 Whether 'tis Health or Pleasure ye pursue,
 Forget old Passions, or solicit new:
 Heroes, that cross the rude *Hibernian* sea,
 In Search of Widows Hearts, or Love of Play:
 Widows, that come in decent Shew of grieving,
 To weep the dead—with eyes—unto the living!
 All ye, to *Nash*, whom these gay Realms obey,
 Who fifty Years hath borne undoubted Sway,
 And ne'er one Tax impos'd, *Subscriptions* pay.

COME, ev'ry graceful Beau, and gentle Belle,
 Subscribe your names in praise of *bagatelle*;

And

And ev'ry Fop, in Honour of your Train,
That one Fop lives who hath not liv'd in vain.

NOBLES, subscribe, your Gratitude to prove
To *him*, who ever gave the *Peace* you love.

DEISTS, who, calling all Religion odd,
Beauty and Order substitute for *God*;
Nash and his Writings with *fit Rev'rence* view;
Beauty and Order none, like *Nash*, e'er knew.

WHILST ye, of upright Faith and sober
Sense,
Behold in *him* * the Hand of Providence.
Health to the Sick, the wounded Limb restore,
Supply the Wants of Age, and friendless Poor.

STATESMEN, who sleepless pass the Mid-
night Hour,
See *Nash*, without a Thought, support his
Pow'r;
See all, with one Consent, his Word reverse,
No Oath to bind, no Law to raise a Tear,

Mr. *Nash* raised the Subscriptions on which the Hospital
at *Bath* was founded, and is supported.

MIRROUR

MIRROUR of Princes, hail! *thy Life* may
 shew
 To Kings enthron'd, what Kings shall never
 know,
 To rule without a Rival or a Foe.

F I N I S.

